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The Lady In The Picture.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"It is the portrait of my ancestress, Mistress Elizabeth Mowbray," remarked Dickson to his assembled guests. With one accord the four persons seated at the table in the great dining room turned and looked at the picture.

Framed in gold, it hung over the chimney piece, reaching almost to the lofty ceiling. It depicted the life size figure of a beautiful young woman in a pale gray gown in the fashion of a century past.

A large gray plumed hat rested on her dark hair, and about her shoulders was a loose rose pink cloak caught together by one slender hand, while the other held a plumy spray of white lilac.

Dickson arose, glass in hand. "To Mistress Mowbray; always young, always beautiful and"—he paused and added, with a mischievous glance at his wife—"ever silent!"

There was laughter from the men and a merry protest from Mrs. Dickson as they drank the toast and resumed their seats.

"Rather an unfair advantage to take of Mistress Mowbray," objected Mark Randolph, with a glance toward the portrait.

"I am sure that Harry's insinuation is quite unjust," said Mrs. Dickson, with spirit. "Family history relates that Elizabeth Mowbray possessed a very pretty wit!"

"I suppose there is a story connected with the fair lady?" insinuated Searles, with a smile at his host.

"There is," admitted Dickson cheerfully. "There is some tale about the ghost of Mistress Mowbray, who is said to step down from her portrait and walk about this room, leaving a fragrance of white lilac in her wake."

"Have you witnessed this apparition?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Never," replied Dickson, helping himself to walnuts, "but I will admit," he continued, with a quizzical glance at his pretty wife, "that I have detected the odor of white lilac in this room!"

"When does the ghost walk?" asked Randolph.

"Invariably on the 13th of March," replied Dickson, leaning back in his chair and looking fixedly at the portrait. "We have never seen the apparition, but some of the servants claim to have seen it. It has so happened that we have never been at the hall on the 13th of March since our honeymoon. I recollect that we came downstairs one morning on the 14th of March and detected a strong odor of white lilac. As the conservatory was empty of plants and as there were no flowers of any sort in the house, it was rather a"—

"A shock!" interpolated Mrs. Dickson, with decision. "It was a positive shock to smell the odor of white lilac that morning, especially as old Hannah had regaled us with the story the night before."

"And so you have never waited up to see the ghost walk?" queried Randolph as he opened the door for his hostess.

"No. To tell the truth, we always run away," she laughed. "Suppose you come down on the 13th of next month and watch for Mistress Mowbray. Hannah will take care of you, and then you can report to us the result of your investigations."

"Agreed," he said readily, and as she left the room he returned to the table and remarked to the others, "Any volunteers to keep me company?"

"Not I," returned Searles quickly. "I shall be south about that time."

"And we," said Dickson lightly, "will be in Egypt."

"I had forgotten that," said Randolph. "Nevertheless I shall accept Mrs. Dickson's invitation to run down here and make the acquaintance of fair Mistress Mowbray."

He was looking at the picture with dreamy abstraction in his eyes.

"You admire my beautiful ancestress, then, Mark?" Dickson shot a keen glance at his friend.

"Yes," was the low response. "She reminds me of another whom I once knew."

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On the 13th of March Randolph journeyed down to the sleepy old New England village where the Dickson homestead spread its comfortable wings behind sheltering elms, now leafless and soughing mournfully in the east wind. Within doors all was cheeriness and comfort, with soft lamplight and blazing fires.

When Hannah had cleared the dinner table and departed, Randolph threw himself into a huge easy chair before the fire in the dining room and looked up at the pictured face of Mistress Mowbray. He compared her face with that of another Elizabeth Mowbray, a cousin of Harry Dickson and also a descendant of the lady in the picture. It was an old story now, ten years old. He and Beth had quarreled, and she had returned his ring and gone back to her home in the south. They had never met afterward, but he had never forgotten.

Randolph placed not the slightest credence in the story of the apparition of Mistress Mowbray, but the idea of spending an uninterrupted evening before the portrait appealed to him. Unable to longer withstand the glance of the tender eyes, he buried his face in the upturned palms of his hands and gave himself up to unhappy musings.

Hour after hour was tolled by the tall clock in the hall, and when the bell chimed 12 Randolph roused himself with a slight start from the half doze in which he had indulged.

Involuntarily he gazed at the portrait, and a great wonder came into his eyes. He wheeled his chair away from the fireplace and stared. He rubbed his eyes, looked about the softly lighted room and stared again.

There was the same youthful figure, with its gray plumed hat, gray gown and rose pink cloak caught together by one slender white hand. It was all as it had been before save that now there was life in it—life in the soft brown eyes and in a certain tremulous movement of the pink bowed lips.

With white face and unbelieving eyes he watched the figure step slowly down from the frame, and he saw the movement of the purple velvet draperies that formed the background.

She stepped upon the wide mantelpiece, which was devoid of ornament, and made an imperious gesture with her hand, and as she did so he was conscious of the heavy scent of white lilac from the branch she carried.

"My good sir, pray assist me to the floor," she said in a low, vibrant voice.

As in a dream, Randolph hastily fetched a chair and supplemented its height with a hassock. With grave courtesy he extended a hand to the lady on the mantel, and as she gave him the tips of her fingers he felt the warmth of flesh and blood.

Lightly she stepped down, gathering her skirts gracefully about her dainty gray shod feet, and presently she stood beside him, looking timidly at him from beneath the shadow of her long lashes.

"My God!" he muttered, staring from the vision before him to the empty frame above the chimney piece.

With a quick movement the girl slipped the pink cloak from her shoulders and removed the gray plumed hat from her crown of dusky hair. "It is only I, Mark," she said wistfully.

"I—don't understand—yet." He passed a hand over his dazed eyes.

She stepped forward and pressed upon a carved portion of the mantel. Instantaneously there was a movement, and the painted canvas swung into place with a little click. There was Mistress Mowbray in her accustomed place above the shelf, and beside him was—Beth.

"It is one of Harry's jokes," she explained in a low, breathless tone. "He wrote me a month ago and asked me to come here and enact the apparition of Mistress Mowbray. It was a favorite pastime when we were children, for there is a secret stair behind the chimney, and the portrait is really a door which opens upon it. Harry said that a 'skeptical friend' would spend the night of the 13th here and asked me to play the part. I was reluctant to do such a thing, but Harry has been very kind to me—and I consented. They did not tell me who the 'skeptical friend' would be, and it was—a surprise to me—when I looked down upon your upturned face."

She leaned against the tall back of a chair with down bent head and quivering lips.

"And you could have gone back—and away from me again—and I never would have known," he said, a vague wonder dawning in his eyes.

She did not reply.

"But you stayed—you made yourself known to me—you came down to me! What do you mean, Beth?"

She lifted her head slowly and looked at him through misty, joyous eyes, and he understood.

Hannah's voice broke crisply upon the blissful silence. "A cablegram, Mr. Randolph!"

Mark tore open the yellow envelope. "It is from Harry," he said, gathering his love into his arms, "and he says, 'Bless you, my children!'"

He Worked For It

Some years ago there lived in Arkansas a man named Reynolds, who owned a narrow gauge railroad from Malvern Junction to Hot Springs. It was partly due to the fact that he had put by a neat little fortune and partly to his habit of wearing an enormous diamond shirt stud that he had won the nickname of "Diamond Joe."

It was Diamond Joe's boast that no one had ever stolen a ride on his little twenty-five mile road, and not content with telling this to his friends he offered a reward of $100 and a suit of clothes to the man who could do it.

One clear moonlight night a man came into his office, dripping from head to foot.

"Is this Mr. Reynolds?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the owner of the narrow gauge, involuntarily glancing out to see if it was raining.

"Well, I've come for that suit of clothes and the $100. I've beat my way on your road, Mr. Reynolds, in the boiler tank of the engine. It was hard work keepin' my head above water, but I did it—and—I guess I earned the prize."—New York Times.

The Ale Stake.

With the opening up of England by the Romans hostleries sprang up for the convenience of travelers. As time went on the selling of liquor became so lucrative that wherever the traveler broke his journey his thirst might be quenched. This naturally produced competition among the many tavern owners, especially in the large towns, who vied with one another as to the means of attracting the thirsty. It was in these circumstances that the "ale stake," or pole, to which was attached a furze bush, first came into prominence. In 1375 these signs became so great a nuisance that a law was passed to the effect that "ale stakes" projecting more than seven feet over the king's highway were prohibited, a fact which gave rise to the proverb that "good wine needs no bush." There are very few of the old inns in existence nowadays.—London Graphic.

Homemade Fireless Cooker.

A homemade fireless cooker is described in a recent consular report. Consul Morgan of Amsterdam says that a simple device for cooking foodstuffs without fuel has been in general use in Holland for the last two years among the working classes of people. The device consists of a wooden box padded with hay to a thickness of about two and one-half inches on the sides, bottom and cover. The box can be made of any dimensions required. The food, after being partly cooked, is placed on hot plates in an enameled utensil made of a size to fit snugly against the upholstering of the box. The lid of the box is then closed, and the heat generated by the partly cooked food not only continues the process of cooking the food thoroughly, but keeps it warm for hours. It is said to give great satisfaction. The cooker is not protected in any way by patents and can be made by any one.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

TO THE BOYS OF FORTY.

A Greek philosopher has pictured man as being born in a well built house and living therein during childhood. As he grows he pulls down the walls, stone by stone, until he stands finally in the undimmed sunlight.

Is it not so?

How many stones have we had to pull down that we might see over? Some of us still have stones in the way. And some of us—the wise old boys—have put all the stones they have pulled down into a great pile and got on top of them for a wider view.

For twenty years at least we have been trying to widen the horizon, to get a comprehensive view of life.

But—

The peril of the larger vision is this: As we see further and know more disillusion comes to rob us of our youthful enthusiasms. Shall we, having a man's head, still keep beneath it the heart of a boy? Will disappointments destroy faith? Will the larger knowledge lower ideals?

It must not be!

At twenty the stones are in the way. The outlook is small. The young man cannot see far, know much or feel deeply. The near, the noisy and the sensuous attract him. His ideal of a picture is the stirring battle scene. His ideal of music is the noisy band. He is caught by movement and hilarity.

Having learned the better way at forty, we must still keep our hearts young. Therefore we find our ideal music in the laughter of a child. The pictures we admire are those of peaceful landscapes. The glitter and the tinsel no longer catch our fancy. A book by the fire, a dear face across the table—these are the things that appeal to the chastened enthusiasm of forty.

You see, at twoscore years a man puts the proper value on the real things of life. He has learned to discriminate. The world has dawned on him. He has pulled down the stones.

Boys of forty and over:

We have not lost our boyish visions. No, siree! As the master painted "Amplio" (wider) on the picture of his pupil, so we have pulled down the stones to get a farther look.

Let us therefore stand in the undimmed sunlight and keep sweet!

LIFE IS A SCHOOL.

Under what similitude will you liken human life?

A pleasure garden?

Or a prison house?

Some say this life is a penitentiary where we are punished. "Life is thickly strewn with thorns," said one pessimist, "and I know no way save to pass quickly through them." These persons are stoics.

Others view life as a garden of gayety. They are epicureans. "Eat, drink and be merry" is the gonfalon of these. A short life and a merry one, say these sybarites.

The stoic is wrong. Life is not thickly strewn with thorns. It is strewn with roses. The thorns are incidental. The epicurean is also wrong. He that seeks pleasure for pleasure's sake will find only satiety.

What, then, is it?

HUMAN LIFE IS A SCHOOL.

It begins in the mother's arms and ends only on the great graduation day. It has its recesses, intermissions and vacations, but the school goes on. Its teachers are named EXPERIENCE.

Sometimes the lessons are hard and the tears fall on the page of the text book. Sometimes they are pleasant as well as profitable.

But these lessons MUST BE LEARNED.

Each must learn them for himself. A man can bequeath money or advice to his boy, but he cannot bequeath his experience. The boy must go to school as did the father before him and as all the fathers before him did.

The student in life's school never gets too old to learn. When he quits learning he begins to die. How puerile to say one's education is "finished" at college!

The school of life has its shirkers.

If one becomes a TRUANT he must expect a sharp reprimand. If he deliberately disobeys the rules of the school he may expect punishment, else the school would be anarchy. Contrariwise, the scholar who applies himself will be rewarded.

Then hurrah for OUR SCHOOL!

When recess comes let us laugh and play, and, as Roosevelt says, "play hard." When it is time for study let us get down to our lessons.

And on the great commencement day, when the GREAT TEACHER shall hand to all of us our diplomas, may there be written on them, "Well done."

What They Said.

Maybe it didn't mean just what to the casual listener it seemed to mean, but this is what the farmer was overheard to say to his wife as they looked over the market reports in the daily paper:

"Well, M'ria, hogs is up, an' that means we're wuth a good deal more today'n we was yisterday."—Chicago News.

The Wise Men.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because they've been dead for years."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The total area of Africa is estimated at about 11,500,000 square miles, of which Great Britain owns 2,713,910 square miles.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

Don't be in a hurry.

Modern haste is often waste. Many ills, economic, moral, individual, come of it. Life may be too strenuous for good results. The spirit of hurry, good in its place, causes friction, clashing, losses.

Don't be in a hurry.

Many are in haste to get rich. They patronize get-rich-quick schemes. They speculate. Where one wins, a thousand, ten thousand, lose. There is only one safe way to make money—the old fashioned way of honesty, industry, economy. That way is slow, but it is reasonably sure.

Don't be in a hurry.

Young persons get in a haste to be educated. Education is a GROWTH. Knowledge, experience, must not only be digested, but assimilated. That requires time. It does not delay the boy or girl to stop between terms to teach school. Opportunity is given to put into practice some of the things learned in college.

Don't be in a hurry.

Some are in haste to make a reputation, but reputation without character behind it is worthless. And character is a GROWTH. Mushroom characters will make mushroom reputations. You will be taken for what you are. The world will size you up. Build solidly.

Don't be in a hurry.

You cannot expect to get rich quick, educate yourself in a day or build a reputation on a flimsy foundation.

Don't be in a hurry.

Mind and body can only be strengthened by DEVELOPMENT. That takes time. Science has given it out that RELAXATION is the secret of mental and physical life. Nervous and muscular contraction is wearing the hurried man to a frazzle. Therefore men and women are excitable, frictional, erratic; therefore the breakdowns, the asylums. It is the constant TENSION of nerve and muscles. Relax frequently. You will succeed better. You will live longer.

Don't be in a hurry.

Suppose you get wealth. How will you enjoy it or use it to the advantage of the world if you are worn out, enervated, wrecked? Suppose you get an education and, like Thomas Curran, aged twenty, of the senior class of Yale, '03, you receive your diploma on your deathbed, having killed yourself for a piece of sheepskin. Suppose you gain a reputation for brilliancy and give in exchange a well balanced, amiable mind or a sound physique.

Don't be in a hurry.

Work steadily, sanely, surely. Hold the even tenor of your way.

Don't be in a hurry.

A LIVING OR A LIFE.

"Make a living," said the late Governor Russell of Massachusetts in an address to young men, "but remember there is one thing better than making a living, and that is making a life."

What is the difference between making a living and making a life?

It is the difference between material and ideal, between selfishness and altruism.

For instance:

The philosophy of Goethe and Schopenhauer, which is the philosophy of many "successful men" of today, is this: Look only on the serene and bright. Do not concern yourself with suffering. Let the miserable ones alone. Be cheerfully blind to the misfortunes of others. The more you do for others the less you can do for yourself. Use others. Be careful they do not use you. Cultivate yourself.

In other words, this philosophy says, "Get there!"

But there is another philosophy which says: Be mindful of others' misery. Help your neighbor. Make good principles into flesh—CHARACTER. Open your mind and heart to truth and beauty and love, and put as much of "generous and outgoing sympathies and interests" in your life as you can.

That's making a life.

In the nervous tension of modern existence men are so absorbed in the task of making a living that many forget the higher part of themselves. They have no time for real living.

Nowadays men are trying to make a living after they are millionaires. They stunt their best faculties and rob themselves of the joy of normal living. They become one sided, half developed individuals.

Like the Spaniards, they say "Manana." They will be happy tomorrow or next year. And they sink into the grave still trying to make a living.

What grander thing in all conception than to make a life—to feel and know every day that one is growing wider, deeper, higher in mental and moral power?

Anybody can make a living.

Too few of us are trying to make a life.

Where Do the Old Pianos Go?

What becomes of all the old pianos? Any piano dealer will take your old piano when you want a new one and will allow a substantial credit on it, even if it is of another make. From time to time the dealers announce sales of used pianos. All dealers have large stocks of them on hand constantly.

One piano firm has on exhibition an old fashioned square piano which was made at least half a century ago. This piano bears a placard to the effect that any one who will pay the cartage may have it for the asking. No one has accepted the offer.

Suppose no one ever takes that piano off the hands of the dealers who want to get rid of it. What will the dealers do with it? Obviously with rents as high as they are it wouldn't pay to store a piano you can't give away.

So the question remains, What in the last stage of undesirability becomes of all the old pianos?—Washington Post.